WANT SECTION

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DAVID MILLER'S 77TH BIRTHDAY

Celebrated in Wichita by a Family Reunion.

STORY OF HIS LIFE

Interesting Light on Early Days in Wichita.

Yesterday at his home, No. 1009 North Lawrence avenue, where he has lived for thirty years, David H. Miller celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday with a family reunion. All the family were present and as a climax to the day's enjoyment the family, with "Yankee" Miller in front, were photographed.

Not the least interesting feature of the day was the recollection of old times, and as "Yankee" is of a reminisciential turn, he recalled many interesting experiences of early life in Wichita.

Mr. Miller has recently done a thing that all men at some time in their lives contemplate doing, but rarely consummate. He has written his own biography, telling frankly the story of his life, to the minutest detail. It is not for publication, but he intends to hand it down to his children and let it descend to the coming generations. The Eagle has seen a copy of the work, and, in some respects, it is one of the very best side-lights on life in early Wichita that can be found.

Mr. Miller was born near Hagerstown, Maryland, August 30, 1825. He was tilling a farm when the Civil War came on. Both armies chased each other over his fields, took his goods and made life thoroughly miserable. After the battle of Gettysburg he suffered so much from the military stress of affairs that he reslived to go west. He went to Polo, Illinois, and later to Kansas. This was in 1869. He bought a house at Topeka, and after 18 months sold it for $500 and reslived to come to Wichita. He writes of the journey here: "They packed their duds, hired two teams for thirty dollars, and, with Dr. Longsdorf, started, February 22. At the end of one nice day hey landed on the Big Arkansas river, where plum bushes were all in bloom, March 3, 1871."

Continuing: "On the first day, after dinner, the tourists went in search of Wichita, which they found on the banks of the Little river and consisting of twelve little shanties and several dugouts. All were occupied by wild-eyed frontiersmen, eager for prey. These big men with their revolvers strapped to their sides alarmed the tourists. Some were government scouts, in pursuit of a notorious desperado, Ledford. They finally cornered him in an outhouse; Ledford received a shot in the back, he gave his last war-whoop and fell dead. This caused Davy Miller to make ready his old shot gun, believing himself in the midst of another war. And as darkness came down they lost no time in sheltering themselves from those long-haired Kansans. They found Indian tepees and old log shanties, as the Indians had just left for other reservations. They entered an old log house and took it for a temporary home. Davy made beds by driving stakes in the ground and laid sticks on these, and on these sticks they placed their comforts. They slept very well. The next day he and Dr. Longsdorf started in search of land, accompanied by an old pioneer as a guide at $4 a day and board. They stood that charge just one day. The end of that day found them at a small place of twelve shanties by the name of Park City. They invested 25 cents in a dozen eggs and gave a cook at the restaurant 25 cents to cook them and for a crust of bread, which made up their meal. They spent a sleepless night listening to the howling wolves. After their morning meal they set out for another village by the name of Sedgwick, which consisted of thirteen houses filled with ruffians and cowboys filling themselves up with barleycorn and red-eye whisky and practicing shooting cigars out of one anothers' mouths. After seeing all this, Davy concluded to go back to his family; and taking shank's horse separated from the party and started at noon. He had twenty miles to go. Darkness soon came down on him, and hearing many strange sounds behind him, he put on all the steam he had. The wolves around him and behind him kept howling, for a full meal or for the lonely traveler."

Mr. Miller goes on to tell how finally he saw a light in the darkness. It proved to be a cowboys' camp. The outfit was drunk and he increased his speed. He walked clear to Wichita, making the twenty miles in five hours, which proves that he was going some.

Of the next day he says: "Every man of age was allowed 160 acres of land, to be paid for within two years at $1.25 an acre and Davy had no time to waste, so he and his oldest daughter started out the next day in search of a claim. The noon hour found them about six miles northeast of Wichita. At that place they found two claims staked off and attached to two stakes were the names of Taylor and Sam Jones, or the nigger killer, as he learned later. As it was getting late they thought they had better retrace their steps. They reached home as the sun was sinking. That day's journey was pleasantly spent. The next thing was to find those two men, and at last he found them. They told him they had been to the government land office and had been granted their filings, but would turn them over to him for the amount of $60, or $30 apiece. This he promptly took up. He then went to the land office at Augusta to investigate the matter and found that no one had ever taken out filing papers on them. He lost no time in filing on them at $2 each. That was one of the games played on newcomers and greenhorns in those days."

Speaking of those claims, he had to make improvements on them to the amount of $300 in the first six months. In the meantime he had bought of William Greiffenstein the Indian trading post for $30. He hired two teams for $36 to haul those old logs out to his claim. Then Davy and another man, hired at $2 a day, built the first house for many miles around, at a cost of about $200. It was a story and a half house, fourteen feet square. There was no lumber in reach and it had to have some kind of a roof. At length they heard of J. R. Mead having cottonwood shingles for sale at $12 per 1,000. He bought 3,000 at $36. He also bought 100 feet of pine lumber at $8.50 per 100 feet. This completed his dwelling.

"One day when Davy was shingling his house," he says, "a horseman by the name of Dowe rode up and ordered him down off the house and told him that he had jumped his claim (another one of their games)and to get off immediately. This made Davy's hair to stand on end. Things looked as though something was going to drop. He crawled down and made for a woodpile, where he had a shot gun and a bulldog revolver. He pulled them out and drew them on his caller. Dowe whirled his horse and spurred away."

Mr. Miller's house was completed by gathering dry grass, mixing it with dirt for mortar, water being carried a half-mile, and plastering up the big holes and cracks with it. This home was the first log house built between Whitewater and Wichita, except Dave Payne's, and it became a tavern for many a traveler and a landmark for many years.

Mr. Miller continues: "Then came the time for breaking prairie. He had scarcely enough to live on, but he hired Mr. Sam Crum and Mr. Taylor to break two acres for him at $4 an acre. He then ventured to the end of his purse-strings to buy two ox teams in partnership with Adam Longsdorf, and also an old wagon, for $125, or one-half the cost. He then had to have a plow, which he bought on thirty days' credit for $30. He lost no time in hunting sod plowing from newcomers at $4 a day. He soon earned enough to pay for his plow and a few dollars left to live on. He then began to break his own land.

He planted corn between the furrows of sod, he also planted broom corn, which proved to be far superior to corn in new ground. He then began to make brooms, having his oldest son, Harry, peddle them in the little village of 300 inhabitants. He was the only broom-maker for years, and as the town grew he found readier sale for his brooms, realizing from $200 to $300 from their sales annually.

Here Mr. Miller digresses to tell of a terrible prairie fire. It came up to the house, and great flakes of fire swept through the cracks of the house and fell on the bedding, but fortunately did not burn the family and the house. He says the height of the flames from the bluestem grass was twenty feet at times.

Further he says: "David had the opportunity of locating several homeseekers and breaking hedge lines, and received $10 to $20, according to the amount of land broken, having the only ox team in that vicinity. He was not the only greenie—there were others—who paid dear for their whistles. By letting no opportunities pass, he made $300, which changed the family's living from johnnycakes and black sorghum to wheat bread and coffee, for which they carried water from a well two miles distant. They had all kinds of game to eat except antelope, which Davy never could shoot. Buffalo meat was plenty; they used to buy it for two cents a pound. The buffalo were killed mostly for their hides, and would lay around on the ground for no one knows how long before they would be brought into Wichita to be sold; all the dogs in the country had all they could eat.

"The broom business became overdone and David quit it and went to farming. He found that potato peelings do not grow, so he invested in a thousand sweet potato plants at $4 per thousand; which also proved to be a failure. He then sent to Topeka for four bushels of wheat, which with the freight cost him $14. This he planted in April, 1871, the first spring wheat planted in Sedgwick county, as held by the old settlers. He harrowed it in with a log. It grew to the height of about two feet, when the chintz bugs almost destroyed it, and caused him to cut it before it was ripe. He cut it with an old cradle, for which he traded a dozen brooms. He made his own rake and Harry, his son, raked it into sheaves and Mrs. Miller bound them. It was threshed by tramping a pair of ponies over it. The longer they tramped the tougher it got, and the more it wound around the ponies' legs. By holding it in the air and letting the wind blow the chaff out and scraping it up off the ground, he found that he had just four bushels more than he had sown. Then he started to the Augusta mills, about twenty miles distant, to have it ground into flour. When he reached there the miller told him that his wheat was too shriveled; that there was not enough nourishment in it to make flour. Davy tried to sell it to the miller but could not, and he finally traded it to him for a few sacks of cornmeal, which was only two cents a pound. They spent a sleepless night in that old mill. In the morning they started home with heavy hearts. They found sale for some of the meal on the road at 1½ cents per pound.

Then Davy tried raising buckwheat, cutting and threshing it in a similar manner, which he found to be more profitable. He found ready sale for it at $1.50 per bushel. He sold thirty bushels at this price. He also tried tobacco, which grew and yielded a new crop, but there was no market for it except for washing Mexican sheep, which were numerous at that time."

Mr. Miller goes on to relate of the family's removal to town; how they acquired a tract of land which has since become the very center of the swell residence portion of Wichita; how they built their first house; how the boom brought them money; how in that day they went back to visit the old places in the east; his battles with the city in putting streets through his place, and a hundred other interesting details.

Mr. Miller says he was designated "Yankee" Miller to distinguish him from other Millers. It was probably bestowed also because of his trading instincts. He paid ten years' subscription at $2 a year to the Weekly Eagle once, in brooms.

THEY WHIP THE BEARS

In Yellowstone Park When They Get Mischeivous.

General Corbin, who has just returned to Washington from a trip to Yellow-Park, tells how some bears in the park raided the fountain house. "I investigated myself, and found that the bears had broken into the kitchen of the hotel and simply ruined all the stores, leaving the hotel and guests without food enough for a meal. It was sidesplitting to listen to the Chinese cook attempt to describe the visit of the bears. He became excited sputtered, grinned and squeaked, and went through all the supposed maneuvers of the beasts in his endeavor to explain the damage that had been done. It was really no laughing matter, for the proprietor of the hotel and Colonel Pitcher sent men to punish the intruders. "Would they kill the bears?" General Corbin was asked. "Oh, no; they would only whip them. They would take a big bull whip and lash the bears soundly. Experience has taught, so to speak people say, that a good sound threshing, from a bull whip will last a bear, either brown or grizzly, for the remainder of the season."

THIS SUMMER MOST WONDERFUL

Almost Perfect Regularity of Rainfall This Year.

INTERVALS WERE SHORT

Between the Days of Precipitation in July and August.

Today ends a wonderful summer—the most wonderful Wichita has ever seen. July and August are the crucial months in Kansas. Regularity of rainfall, necessary to produce a maximum of corn, this year reached an ideal point, and barring one single run of unclouded days, almost touched perfection. In the two months, according to the table the Eagle has kept daily, which will vary little from the government figures, 10.30 inches of rain has fallen. Its distribution has been as follows:

Months	Inches
July 1	.53
July 6	1.63
July 9	1.09
July 18	.14
July 19	.16
July 24	.27
July 27	.20
August 8	2.49
August 20	2.80
August 22	.10
August 23	.26
August 30	.05

That is in the sixty-two days of July and August there have been twelve days when there was rain, with unusually cloudy conditions in the interim naturally.

The intervals between rains during the month furnished interesting material.

The first interval was of five days, and was broken by a big rain.

The second interval was of three days and was broken by a big rain.

The third interval was of nine days, from July 9 to July 18, and was ended by a small fall of fourteenth-hundredths of an inch. This, however, was immediately reinforced.

The fourth interval was of one day at the end of which sixteenth-hundredths of an inch fell.

The fifth interval lasted five days, when twenty-seven-hundredths of an inch fell.

The sixth interval lasted three days, when on July 27, twenty-hundredths of an inch fell. The smaller rains from July 9 on to the end of the month of July aggregated only seventy-seven-hundredths of an inch, but they made the summer what it was. For the demon of dryness followed them at once. Twice during the two months there were intervals of twelve days without rainfall. The first, from July 27 to August 8, was more severe than the one that followed, because it followed these small rains. But without the same small rains the dry stretch would have been ruinous on the corn.

The seventh interval lasted twelve days and was broken by one of the big rains of the summer, 2.49 inches, on August 8.

The eighth interval was the second long one of twelve days, but it was without peril because it started from a big rain and ended with the greatest downpour of the summer, 2.80 inches, on August 20.

The ninth interval lasted two days, ending with a fall of ten-hundredths of an inch.

The tenth interval lasted one day and ended with a fall of twenty-six-hundredths of an inch.

The eleventh interval lasted seven days and was broken by a fall of .05 of an inch.

So September is reached with the ground thoroughly wet and ideal conditions prevailing for fall plowing. The immense corn crop, because of the variance in the planting-time was helped up to the very last. If any field of corn failed to produce heavily, other than rain conditions were to blame. In some instances early cultivating was prevented by heavy rains, and the weeds prevented a maximum yield. But it has been a corn summer. There was moisture at the start, moisture to invigorate the pollen, moisture at the silking period, moisture in the cob period, moisture in the filling period, and perfect weather for the maturing of the grain.

The rainfall in no two spots has been exactly alike. There have been rains in the county which Wichita did not get, and Wichita has had some rains that parts of the county did not get. But upon the whole, the different parts of the county will average alike.

In the last six months the rainfall, as registered in Wichita, has been prodigious. Since March 1, last, over thirty inches of rain have fallen.

The past summer has not been a comfortable one, by any means. The humidity has made comparatively low temperatures oppressive, and when the mercury mounted above 100 degrees the effect was insufferable. Recently in the Eagle it was declared that August had been a cool month. Dr. Johnson said yesterday that it had not been cool; that it had been emphatically hot; that it had averaged two and one-half degrees a day hotter than the usual August.

COUNTRY LIFE FOR CITY MAN

Advantages and Disadvantages of a Rural Home.

There is no doubt about it, the city is a popular place to live. It seems to be getting more popular every year, in spite of the coal soot in the air that makes one's lungs (we are told) like sponges soaked in tar, in spite of the water that we drink with fear and trembling as we see in imagination millions of microbes wriggling 'round in it, in spite of the wife's pale checks inadequately touched up with rouge, and the pale cheeks of the children, which are never touched up with anything but dirt.

We stick to the city, though we are galley slaves, tugging at the oars from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, year in and year out, with only one annual week's vacation from year's end to year's end.

The city is popular and there is a reason for it, and he who tries to make country men out of the city men will surely fail. For, after all, the city has compensations. The city is the center of life's splendid whirl, and to most of us the whirl is better than the country's splendid calm.

But—after the storm, calm! After the city, the country! If the city man would be happy at the end he must revert to the country.

A few years ago I was stricken with typhoid fever and for many weary months I lay in the hot bed of a city hospital. My only amusement was digging the black soot from ears and nostrils twice a day and watching the heavy sunshine creep 'round its circle from the window 'til night came, and the monotony, had no relief.

But at last I grew desperate. "I will go home," I declared, "home to my mother, to mother nature. In her arms she will nurse me back to life and strength. I shall die in this horrible charnel house of a hospital."

So they lifted me in their arms and gently carried me out to the carriage and onto the train, and in an hour's time I was breathing the perfumed breath that was always so grateful to me when each day I came from my work in the city. How my nostrils expanded and my mouth opened to drink it in! As I rode along in the carriage, how musical seemed the rustling of the leaves as the wind stirred them gently; how blue and cool the lake looked, and how clean the air felt! At last, when I fell back exhausted on my little couch in the upper chamber of the cottage among the trees, I felt that I lay safe in the arms of a beautiful mother, like a child on its mother's breast and murmured:

Fold closely, O nature,
Thine arms 'round thy child.
To thee only God granted
A heart ever new—
To all always open,
To all always true.
And I prayed as he prayed:
Ah! calm me, restore me,
And dry up my tears.

I cannot remember in my life a moment of more restful and perfect happiness. I had escaped from a charnel house, whose air was heavy with the odor of the dead and the dying, a place of death, almost a place of murder, and I was a guest in a chamber of God's own dwelling house.

Of course, the picture is an extreme one, and I am not going to be sentimental enough to push it too far. But, in a measure it may stand for the contrast presented by the city and the country. And, however we may love the whirl and the brilliant night illuminations, and the intoxication of making money, or however much the sting of failing to make money may ever drive us on to sufferings yet untold in city life, still the time is sure to come to every one of us when we shall long for the caressing embrace of our first mother, that shall soothe us and restore us and give us the vitality to plunge once more into the wild race with renewed hopes and fresh ambitions.

There are not many of us who would not appreciate a home in the country that we could go to when we were tired of the city. The trouble is, we do not know how to get it at reasonable cost, or how to make it enjoyable once we do get it. Country life too often proves disappointing after a week or a month.

There are several difficulties about country life.

The greatest objection to much country living is the women and children get lonely and will not stay in the country. This is inevitable, and though it seems a sentimental sort of objection which few of us are willing to acknowledge, still it is most real and must be faced.

The only solution to this problem is—"the colony." If we can find a pleasant place and get two or three congenial friends to become our neighbors, we shall be all right. Others will join us and in time an ideal little village will grow up which all have some of the advantages of the city and most of the advantages of the country.

The second serious objection is the cost. Country people are greedy and want too much for board, and when they rent houses they are looking for twenty per cent on their money for three month's occupation. To be economical, the city man who wants to get his wife and children into the country for from four to six months must have his own house.

Don't be frightened. This is easier than it seems. A suitable country home can be built for from $600 (six rooms) to $1,000 (eight rooms, with bath and fire place), and an acre or two of ground can often be bought for a small sum. The interest and taxes will represent a rental of only $50 to $100 a year, which is not so much as a flat in the city would cost for four months.

The second difficulty about country life is that the country people are hardy and do not appreciate very much the comforts which to the city man make home worthy of the name. Bare, hideous walls, cold, damp rooms, the necessity of taking a bath in the horse trough, are items which repel the city man when he considers country life in its more practical aspects. If it is a rainy day and the children and women must stay in the house, they nearly die of it, for the country man's house is what may be called only a shed where persons may be stabled for the night.

If the man from the city prepares his own home he will find that a few cheap rugs, tasteful paint and tasteful wall paper, with a few little knicknacks along with a primitive but none the less real bath room, will cost him but a few dollars and will operate to keep his family contented in the country for an additional month or two, with so much saving in rent (a saving each year amounting to more than the first cost of the items mentioned).

These are a few of the objections which the city man feels but does not commonly express. He says, "Well, I want to keep my children in school, and—"

I have my own ideas about education, and some may not agree with me. All will agree, I think, however, that we wish to give our children the best possible start in life. I had a splendid start in life and yet my father died and left me without a penny. As chance would have it, I got something better than a few dollars. My father's health was such that he was forced to leave the city and go on a farm. He didn't make any money on the farm and we were poor enough.

There was a district school for three to five months in the year, which my mother taught for the sake of her own children. I didn't go to school 'till I was ready to enter the grammar grade, last year. For all that, I was the youngest boy in my class and continued to be very nearly the youngest 'till I left college.

Three months a year at a district school for four years was, in my case, as good as nine months a year for eight years at a city school. Not far from our place was a neighborhood where there had not been any school and children 9 to 12 years old had had no instruction—indeed, could not even read, but they seemed to have lost nothing by running wild so long, for when they began those older pupils, with hardly an exception, were as far advanced in two or three years as city children who have been steadily in school from the age of five.

So I have come to the conclusion that we send our children to school too early and keep them in school too steadily. I would rather give my boy a thorough course in country air and take chances as to book learning. Everyone knows that the country boy is pretty sure to have a rugged constitution, and a good physical constitution is a far better legacy to any boy who is going to fight his way for money and position in the city than any bank balance you could ever leave him, or any education the city school teacher could ever pump into him.

But the problem of education in the country is not so difficult as it seems. If there is a little community of city people they can usually find a young lady among them who can conduct a school to keep city children up with their classes so that there will be no danger of having to drop back by reason of losing a month or two in fall or spring.

And the other trouble—I have not mentioned, but it has been on the minds of both you and me—that of the man's being separated from his family—well, there are few of us who will not love our wives better for not seeing them every day in the year, and a little boarding will reconcile us to the infelicities of caring for a household. We all need change, and the woman of the household needs it more than anyone else. Change will drive her crossness away and bring the pink nto her cheeks and the love light into her eyes, and she will be a better wife and a better mother. So we men owe her the change, even if it entails a little hardship on ourselves.

And if we do not get too far away, we can live in the country, too, over Sunday, even if we do not come and go every day. Men are doing that more and more every year, and it is apparently more and more to their taste. Sherwin Cody.

Atchison Globe Sights.

Game wardens are lately so active that hunters are afraid to tell hunting stories.

It has cost an Atchison man $750 in the past six months to let a dozen doctors guess on him.

If the men find heaven according to their ideas, a good many women will refuse to go there.

Ask about any new baby, and the kin will reply: "It's all right, but it is being awfully spoilt."

There never was a man that a woman wouldn't tire of; there never was a woman that a man wouldn't tire of.

A certain Atchison family is surrounded by curious neighbors. Members of the family say they can make a light in the parlor any night, and bring neighbors over, to see what is going on.

They say Tom Rust is to be married this time, sure. The neighbors are talking about his great devotion to his steady, but old timers say he has been just as devoted to three other girls, without any serious results.

Doctors hate each other a little more fiercely than any other class of men. An Atchison man was today abusing another doctor who advertised as an eye specialist. "He couldn't take a cinder off of a glass eye," the first doctor said.

The sentimental who believe that a girl should have the man she wants, no matter what the cost, are having some sympathy for the Van Alen girls of New York. Miss May Van Alen was engaged to R. R. Remington. Her father broke it off, and the man killed himself. Miss Van Alen is sick in bed, and the only comforter she will see is her sister, Mrs. Robert J. Collier, who married the man of her choice and was disinherited because of it. A girl may be unhappy if she has her own way, but she will never think that she might have been, if she doesn't get it.

An Enticing Offer.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

A Pittsburg millionaire who was struck by a train near his own home a few days ago and was badly mangled, called out as he was being carried away in a stretcher, "I will pay $100,000 to any one who can save my life." The surgeons worked hard to save him, but he died. Probably they were not greatly stimulated to special effort by his promise, in view of the recent refusal of a Pittsburg court to grant the claim of a physician of high standing against the estate of a farmer patient, which was for a very large amount, being based on a verbal promise of the deceased.

Sowing and Reaping.

(Sioux City Journal.)

Mr. Schwab capitalized his health and draws dividends of weakness and pain.

BAD CASE OF DIABETES

PHYSICIANS PRONOUNCED MRS. WM. HELLAR'S CASE INCURABLE—SUFFERED NIGHT AND DAY—WAS BEDFAST FOR FOUR MONTHS.

She Now Tells an Eagle Reporter About Prof. Samuels' Treatment and Cure—Strong Testimonials by Well Known People.

Everybody in Wichita and vicinity knows Mr. William Hellar, or at least knows where his fine farm is, and the majority of Wichita people have spent a pleasant evening or day in Hellar's grove on the Little river, north of Sullivan's dam, on Arkansas avenue. A short time ago a reporter for the Eagle learned that Mrs. William Hellar, who had been given up to die of diabetes, had been cured by Professor Samuels, the specialist. Determined to get at the truth and learn the facts in the case, one day last week a reporter drove out to their beautiful little country home. When he arrived, Mr. Hellar and his helpers were picking grapes for market, and his wife, Mrs. William Hellar, was at the barn gathering eggs and caring for her fine pen of chickens. When informed of the reporter's mission, they were both enthusiastic and ready to be interviewed and give their testimonial for the wonderful cure effected by Professor Samuels' secret method of administering medicine through the eye. Here is the story as they told it, omitting all personalities:

Last winter Mr. Hellar took a severe cold, which brought up chronic troubles and finally developed a bad case of diabetes. On the 2d day of February, she was confined to her bed, and gradually grew worse, all the time taking medicine prescribed by their physician, and when the case seemed hopeless and life was despaired of by the attending physician, other physicians were summoned, and after exhausting the skill of a number of physicians with no results, they were told by the physicians that it was only a matter of a few weeks or a month—that her case was incurable. The family and neighbors were grief-stricken, and awaited the end, which seemed inevitable. Mrs. Hellar suffered incessantly night and day. She was in intense pain and distress. Insomnia robbed her of sleep, and pain of rest. She told the reporter that she wished to die and would have welcomed death as a relief from her sufferings. Her husband kept a diary giving her condition every hour, day and night, hoping to assist the physicians, and this diary was shown the reporter. Sleep was recorded in minutes every night, and every day was almost the same—"no sleep" and "great suffering." There was no natural action and the strongest medicines finally refused to act or produce any results whatever. For four months she suffered and awaited death. Through a friend they learned of Professor Samuels and his wonderful cures and were induced, as a last resort, to try his treatment of administering medicine through the eyes. On June 26th Professor Samuels was called and began giving her treatment. After one week's treatment, a slight improvement was noted, and within three weeks Mrs. Hellar was able to sit up and walk around the house. The improvement continued and now she does all her housework and is happy again, and all credit is due Professor Samuels, who ordered all medicines which had been prescribed for her by the doctors thrown out, which was done when he began treating her. She has never taken a drop of medicine since June 26th, at which time she was at death's door, and Professor Samuels commenced treating her, and all medicine she has taken since was Professor Samuels' secret remedies administered through the eyes.

It was a remarkable case, more so from the fact that her physicians' statement that diabetes is an incurable disease, and that there was no hope for her, is endorsed by the medical fraternity throughout the civilized world.

Mr. and Mrs. Hellar express themselves as very grateful to Professor Samuels and wish to let others who are suffering know of this miraculous cure effected by Professor Samuels, the specialist, who is the only man in the world who treats diseases by administering his secret remedies through the eyes.

HAY FEVER.

It might be well and timely just here to note that when the reporter entered Professor Samuels' office last Friday he was treating the wife of a prominent and well known physician for hay fever. When introduced to the reporter she gave him permission to use her case to inform the many other unfortunates who are suffering from hay fever just now that, notwithstanding the fact that there is no cure for hay fever, she is a living witness to the contrary. She stated that for four years she had had this dreaded malady every autumn and two weeks ago she was almost crazy—that, in fact, she believed that she was on the verge of insanity and wanted to die, if there was really no relief. She had read so much of Professor Samuels that she decided to go to him. Her husband had no faith and being a physician himself disliked to see her go to a specialist, but being unable to relieve her himself and his brother physicians also being unable to do so, he consented. She stated that relief came within one hour after the first medicine was droped into her eyes, that she continued to improve and was now out visiting, calling, shopping and going in society as heretofore, with no inconvenience or discomfort—really well, but still took the precaution to continue the professor's medicine, as she had rather take it longer than necessary than have the hay fever return again. For the benefit of others she volunteered her testimonial, and her name will be given to those interested enough to call on Professor Samuels at 132 North Main street.